

The New Era

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTY."

VOL. VI. NO. 50.

NEWMARKET, C. W., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 810.

Business Directory.

NEWMARKET

Glove, Copper, Tin, Sheet Iron, and Japan Warehouse.

J. & J. HODGE,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them by the firm of Hodge & Co., the undersigned respectfully intimate to their customers and the public generally that the business will hereafter be conducted by
J. & J. HODGE,
And having lately purchased these commodious premises lately occupied by Mrs. Susan Davis, our shop has been removed to the e. where will be found, constantly on hand a large assortment of
COOKING, PARLOR AND BOX STOVES,
Of the newest designs and latest patterns; Japanese and Pressed Tin Ware; China Pump, and Lead Piping.
Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware manufactured to order on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.
Persons wishing to purchase anything in the above line of business, will find it to their advantage to call and examine this stock before selecting elsewhere.
Old Cast Iron, Copper, Brass, Pewter, Lead, Pipes, Sheet Iron, and every description of Iron and Steel, taken in exchange for goods.
J. & J. HODGE.
Newmarket, Dec. 25, 1855. (f-47)

F. W. BATHRIK,
TEACHER of Music, Newmarket, C. W. Pianos tuned to order, in Town or Country, on the shortest notice. Residence—Horse of Mr. Brodie. Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1855. (f-31)

J. SAXTON,
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street Newmarket. All kinds of Watches and Clocks repaired in order, and warranted. WANTED—An Apprentice to learn the Business. Newmarket, September 9, 1853. (f-32)

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.
BIBLES and Testaments can be had at Society's prices, upon application to Thomas Nixon, at the Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel. Newmarket, March 26, 1856. (f-10)

GEORGE B. HUTCHCROFT,
Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker, MAIN STREET Newmarket. All orders executed with dispatch. Newmarket, Pt. 1, 1856. (f-v51)

New Waggon and Carriage Shop.

THE undersigned respectfully intimates to his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a
WAGGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP,
In his new premises, Simcoe Street, near the Catholic Church, where will be prepared to execute all orders with which he may be favored, with accuracy, durability and dispatch.
Call and examine the work and hear the prices before purchasing elsewhere.
ROBERT MURRAY.
Newmarket, May 29, 1856. (f-17)

THOMAS NIXON,
Licensed Auctioneer,
For the Townships of Whitby, King and East Guilmory.

GOODS of all description sold on Commission, at the Auction Mart of the Subscriber, on the first Monday of every month.
Auction Sales attended in the above Townships.
THOMAS NIXON.
Newmarket, Feb. 19, 1857. (f-3)

DR. BENTLEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, NEWMARKET.
Office—Water Street, foot of Main Street. Feb. 29, 1857. (f-3)

Franklin House,
CORNER of
Simcoe & Elliott Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
Proprietors—
E. YOUNGLOVE AND G. E. L. JACKSON.

Jas. McClure & Henry Croxon,
HOLLAND LANDING, for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. All Orders promptly attended. (f-16)

Armstrong House,
ADJOINING THE RAILWAY DEPOT!
And nearest House to the Steamboat Landing, COLLINGWOOD.
G. W. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETOR.
July 2, 1857. (f-12)

Just Printed,
AND for Sale at this Office, BLANK MARITIME CERTIFICATES, adapted to the use of Masters of all Denominations. Price 1s per dozen, or 6s 3d per 100.
Newmarket, March 26, 1857.

MILLINERY.

THE MISS VERNONS
HAVING opened a Millinery and Dress-making Establishment, lately opposite the North American Hotel, Newmarket, solicit the patronage of the Ladies.
Mrs. VERNON.
Newmarket, May 23, 1857. (f-17)

RAILROAD HOTEL, NEWMARKET.

THE proprietor having again resumed the above HOTEL, respectfully intimates to the travelling public that the premises have undergone a thorough repair, and he is now prepared for the reception of guests. The Hotel contains all the conveniences of the best Hotels, and the Landlord well supplied.
JAS. FORSYTH.
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1857. (f-37)

G. A. WALLACE,
BARBER,
Two doors East of M. W. Hogan's Store, MAIN STREET NEWMARKET.
Newmarket, Oct. 22nd, 1857. (f-34)

MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS,
Of all descriptions, on hand for sale. Apply to the NEW ERA OFFICE.
Newmarket, Jan. 15, 1858.

John T. Stokes,
ARCHITECT & C., SHARON, Canada West. Sharon, Jan. 25, 1858. (f-51)

GEO. HUGHES,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the Queen's Bench, for the Counties of York, Peel and Simcoe, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Brownsville, April, 1857. (f-14)

T. Bishop & Son,
BRICK-LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone Masons. Dealers in Lime, &c., &c. Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1857. (f-14)

Dr. E. VERNON,
—AURORA—
RESIDENCE—formerly occupied by Dr. Gellie. Aurora, March 11, 1857. (f-6)

CHARLES MORTIMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, AURORA. (f-16)

DR. M. RANNEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, SHARON. (f-16)

A. BOULTBEE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., Newmarket. Newmarket, Oct. 5th, 1855. (f-38)

R. MOORE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Office—in the New Court House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto. Toronto, June 5, 1857. (f-31)

JOHN R. JONES,
BARRISTER-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office in Elgin Building, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. Toronto, June 20, 1855. (f-31)

NORTH RICHARDSON,
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c. Commissioner in the Queen's Bench. Office—Old Stand, Prospect St. Patents of Inventions procured. Newmarket, 1855. (f-1)

INTERNATIONAL
Life Assurance Society of London, Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.
ROBERT H. SMITH,
Agent. Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1855. (f-41)

DR. PYNE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR. RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he has REMOVED to his new premises on Lydie Street, opposite the Woolen Factory, where he may be consulted at all hours, except when absent on professional business. Newmarket, May 14, 1856. (f-15)

DR. HACKETT,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c. RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Garbutt Hill), Newmarket. (f-26)

A. J. McCracken,
CARRIAGE MAKER, NEWMARKET, HAVING recently located in this place, will be constantly on hand a general assortment of CARRIAGES, such as
BAROUCHES, ROCK-A-WAYS,
Rough and Ready, Phantoms, Prince Alberts, Trotting Buggies, &c.
Repairing done in a neat and substantial manner. (f-1)

SHOP, ON MAIN STREET,
Three doors South of the New Era Printing Office. Newmarket, April 15, 1857. (f-11)

DONALD SUTHERLAND,
WATER STREET, NEWMARKET, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, BOOTS & SHOES, Ready-Made Clothing, China, Glass and Earthenware.
The Highest prices paid for Farm Produce. Cash for Wheat, Oats, &c. (f-17)

Unity Fire and Unity
General Insurance Associations, OF ENGLAND,
FOR every description of Fire and Life Assurance Business.
Capital, £2,500,000 Sterling.
Chief Offices—Unity Buildings, Cannon St., London, England.
Toronto Branch—Toronto Street.
J. W. MARSDEN,
Agent for the Counties of York and Simcoe. Newmarket, July 31, 1857. (f-2)

ROBERT BRODIE,
BUILDER, & CO.,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them during the past few years, respectfully intimate that he is now prepared to contract for the
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
and when required, find all Materials. Shop on Water Street.
Newmarket, Oct. 2nd, 1855. (f-36)

MR. FLEMING,
Saddle, Harness, and Trunk Maker, MAIN STREET NEWMARKET.

CARRIAGES—Improved, Topper, &c., in the New Style, and according to Order.
Mr. Fleming has concluded to locate himself permanently in the place, to solicit a share of public patronage. It is his determination to give his friends, and the public who may favor him with their custom, a sample of the best quality and newest style, at a moderate rate of charges. Suitable Farm Horses taken in exchange for work. Newmarket, July 15, 1857. (f-24)

E. D. ROGERS,
JOINED AND CARPENTER,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on him since commencing business in this place, would respectfully intimate that he is prepared to contract for the
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
of all descriptions, and furnish materials or otherwise, as may be agreed upon. He keeps constantly on hand, a good supply of Sash and Doors. All orders executed in a neat and substantial manner, and with dispatch.
Newmarket, Sept. 24, 1857. (f-31)

Poetry.

Vain Words.

Breatheth not in passion's hour;
Let silence chain thy tongue—
Lest, by their cold unfeelingness,
Some gentle heart be wrong.
Speak kindly—be not proud of thine,
Distress another's heart;
'Tis easier far to make the wound,
Than to withdraw the dart.

Speak kindly to thy mother, child!
She needs thy kindness now—
The light hath faded from her eyes,
The beauty from her brow.
Speak kindly to her—be strong to guide,
Her bark o'er life's dark wave—
Beware! lest not her head go down,
In sorrow to the grave.

Speak kindly to thy father now;
His eyes with age are dim—
He needs now thy friendly care—
Speak kindly to him.
He watched thee when thou wert weak—
He is all weakness now—
Speak kindly; let no words or deeds,
Bring sadness to his brow.

Speak kindly, sweetly, to thy wife,
Whoever thou mayest be;
Remember that she left her home,
Her happy home, for thee.
Remember that she left her friends,
With thee alone to dwell.
She gave her heart's best love to thee,
O guard it well.
What if her eyes have lost their light,
What if her hair be white?
What if her cheek be pale and thin,
New blossoms for the tomb!
May she not love thee now, as much,
As on her bridal morn?

Then speak not coldly to her now,
Because her hair is white.
The rose may wither on the cheek,
The smile of joy depart;
But love does not—'t is ever holds
A bloom in its heart.

Speak kindly to thy husband, wife—
Speak kindly to him now;
Chase not the shadows from his heart,
The sadness from his brow;
Thou knowest not of many cares
That on his path are thrown.
Help him to battle on through life;
O help him to be strong.

Speak ever kindly to thy friends,
Speak kindly to thy foes;
With kindness fetter those
Who would with kindness loose.
Speak kindly to the erring one;
Let not thy heart grow cold;
Its own deceit—Speak kindly to him,
And thou may'st win him yet.

Speak kindly to thy brother man,
Help thou to bear his grief;
Remember, one kind word from thee,
May yield him much relief.
Bear thou his burden—weep with him,
And, when he smiles, rejoice.
Speak kindly—much of happiness,
Dwells in a kindly voice.

Be kind to all—
To sister, brother, friend,
Much, much of thine own happiness,
On kindness depends.
Be like kindred blossoms, wreathed
Around our parent stem;
Our Father is kind to us,
Let us be kind to them.

Be kind to all—
To sister, brother, friend,
Much, much of thine own happiness,
On kindness depends.
Be like kindred blossoms, wreathed
Around our parent stem;
Our Father is kind to us,
Let us be kind to them.

Literature.

The Life Boat.

Kate Williams was an orphan. Her mother had been dead many years, while her father had been a sea-captain, and when he died he left his two children with wealth, amounting to nearly half a million of dollars. The older child was a son, named Frank, and older by some five years than was Kate, she being twenty and he five-and-twenty. Frank was away. He had been travelling through Europe, but was expected home, when we introduce our story, in a very few weeks if not days. The two children still remained the house and lands which their father had bought and occupied. It was a splendid mansion within a few rods of the shore, overlooking the broad Atlantic. It was a romantic spot, and the heirs had been offered great prices for it; but they had no desire to sell their old home. There were a few neighbors close by; and at the distance of about a mile was quite a village.

Kate Williams was a noble-hearted, generous girl, and everybody who knew her called her handsome. And so she was. She was not one of your drawing-room ornaments, but a substantial individual, full of life and power, and realizing that she was one of a class who had work to do. She was a modest, pure being, but not one of your demure, downcast sort. She carried her virtues in her soul, and her purity in her thoughts; and her laugh was never so loud and joyous as when others could share in her happiness. Her eyes were gray, but a bright handsome gray, full of light and intelligence; and her hair was light, almost too light for brown, and yet too dark for golden hair—though when the sun shone on it, the golden hues were rich and predominant. Her features were full and round, with dimples wherever a smile could rest, and glowing with the ruddy hue of health. It is a wonder that Kate Williams should be loved! Why, every body loved her; but then there were two individuals who loved her very dearly—or, at least who swore they did. The first was John Glancey. He was a young man, four-and-twenty, and a lawyer by profession, having been practicing in the neighboring village for about two years. He was a good looking man; tall, straight and well-formed; with black hair and eyes, and possessing a proud, and at times overbearing spirit. He was not a liberal-minded man, but of this Kate knew not.

The second was Harry Winslip. He was a year younger than Glancey, and by profession a physician, having been in practice in the village just two years. He was not so tall as his rival, and not so proud looking. His hair was light brown, and his eyes gray; and his looks owed more to the expression of his features than to their formation. He was not so much bowed to as was Glancey. A man, or woman, would bow very politely to the lawyer; and then in a moment afterwards, should they meet the physician they would grasp his hand and smile. Glancey's clients respected him very much. Winslip's patients loved him very much. This was the difference, between the two men.

Now Kate Williams knew that both these men loved her, but as yet she had not chosen between them. They were both good men, she thought, and so far she had only allowed them the privilege of passing friends. She had not one particle of the coquette in her—not one thought of it. She meant to make her choice and adhere to it. While she was thus pondering, a circumstance transpired which influenced her, as we shall see in the sequel.

In the village lived a young female—a married woman—named Bolton. Her husband was away on business. One day Dr. Winslip was called on to visit her. He examined her carefully and was not a little startled upon finding that she was actually suffering from delirious tremens. Her condition was naturally frail, and the excessive use of rich wines had brought her down. He stated the case to the old nurse just as it was, and gave very rigid orders concerning the treatment she must receive.

In a few days after this the story of Mrs. Bolton's strange sickness got spread over the town and when people were asked how they knew, they replied that Doctor Winslip had said so. The truth was, the old nurse had done all the mischief. The story soon reached the ears of John Glancey. Mrs. Bolton was his own sister, a fact of which Winslip had no knowledge. The young lawyer called upon the doctor at once. The latter would have received him cordially, but the former repelled all familiarity.

"Dr. Winslip, did you say that my sister had been a drunkard?"
"Your sister, sir?"
"Ah! I was not aware of that."
"Never mind. She was a female and as such demand your sympathies. Did you circulate the story, sir?"
"No, sir, I did not. I was called to see the woman, and I found her suffering under the influence of delirious tremens; and I explained the matter to the nurse, so that she might know how to proceed. I have not opened my lips upon the subject to any other person, save when I have been questioned upon the subject; and the nurse replied that as a physician I never answered such questions."

"Exactly," returned the lawyer with some anger. "Such answers are enough to cause the character of any person, for they simply bid the questioner to surmise what he pleases. But, as you acknowledge, the story did originate with you, and is traced back through the nurse to your lips. Now I wish you to publicly dispute the thing."

"How, sir?" uttered Harry with astonishment. "Give the lie to my own professional decision! make myself responsible for the mischief of a talking old nurse! No, sir."

"But remember, sir: The woman is my sister, and her station in society is such that this story will do her much harm."

"I am sorry, very sorry; but I am not to blame. Three months ago I visited Mrs. Bolton, professionally, and at that time I warned her of this. You can do as you please with the story, but I can do nothing. Mrs. Bolton must suffer the same penalty for the violation of natural laws that others suffer. And she must suffer the same from the laws of our social fabric."

"Do I understand, sir, that you will not retract?"
"Retract? I have nothing to retract."
"I wish you to publicly announce, upon your own responsibility, that the story of Mrs. Bolton's having the delirious tremens is false."

"I cannot do it, sir," returned the young doctor, proudly. "I have circulated the story I should have been much to blame; but I only gave the nurse such information as was absolutely necessary for her to do her duty. I trust you, will see this in its true light."

"Doctor Winslip, once more I ask you—will you retract this statement?"
"Hark! What statement do you mean?"
"That Mrs. Bolton had the delirious tremens."

"I never made such a statement. I simply stated to the nurse that Mrs. Bolton was suffering from the effects of over-indulgence in food and drink."

"Will you make the public statement I demanded?"
"No, sir, I cannot."
"Very well," said the lawyer, as he turned away, "you shall hear from me again."

On the next day Harry Winslip received a challenge from Glancey to mortal combat. The doctor sat down and wrote a reply, that he could never be urged into the commission of a crime of such folly and wickedness as he considered duelling to be.

On the day following, the doctor received a second note in which Glancey informed him that he should be posted as a coward if he did not fight. To this Harry replied that he had too much courage to braver the integrity of his soul for the sake of a perverted and morbid public opinion. He was the coward who dared not refuse to do an evil deed.

After this the lawyer posted the doctor as a coward, and the latter soon found that he was shunned by many who had before sought his company. But the most cutting of all was a note which he had received from Kate Williams. She informed him that she would please her by never presuming to approach her as a friend again. Nor did she leave him in the dark. She plainly told him that the friendship between them had been of that kind which must either ripen into the holiest affection of earth, or be snipped in the bud. She could not eat her lot with one at whom the finger of scorn could be pointed, so she would see him no more.

Harry was for a while utterly miserable. He loved the fair girl deeply and truly, and to lose her thus struck a pang to his soul that created a torture the most intense. But on the next day he mastered himself enough to write an answer to Kate's note. He first informed her of the love she had crushed, and then touched upon the subject of the trouble between himself and John Glancey. He explained the whole case, from the first to last of Mrs. Bolton's sickness, and of the lawyer's visit to him. Then he gave his opinion upon the practice of duelling. It was a noble, generous opinion. And then he informed her that he would much rather suffer the unmerited reproach of those who now presumed to second

him, than to pass through life with the blood of a fellow being upon his hands, or to meet his God direct from the suicidal duel. He closed by calling down the choicest blessing upon her head, and bidding her adieu forever.

Kate Williams sat in her boudoir when Harry's letter was handed to her, and she broke the seal with a slight curl of contempt upon her ruby lips. But as she read her countenance changed; and when she had finished she had wept outright. Had Harry been at her side at that moment, she would have rested upon his bosom, and asked him to forgive her. But he was not there. She read the letter again, and then she wept more than before. She refused to see any company during the remainder of the day.

Had Kate followed the instinct of her own pure soul she would have recalled Harry to her side at once, but she was governed by the opinions of others. Her father had been a warm-hearted impetuous man, and had fought one duel; and from that father she had received the peculiar idea of chivalrous honor. Naturally proud and tenacious of her honor as a woman, she felt a chill at the thought of being united for life to one who could be a coward. In her soul she knew that Harry had done no absolute wrong, but still, perhaps he was afraid to fight. "They will tell me," she said to herself, "that my husband will never have the courage to defend his wife's honor."

O, had she known Harry Winslip truly, she could have justly said: "Was is the living being that dare insult that man's wife, either by word or deed?" But she did not know. The cloud was upon her soul, and she blew it not away.

And so Harry Winslip suffered—Kate suffered—and John Glancey believed he had crushed his opponent, and that the lovely heiress would be his wife.

The morning was dark, lowering and chill; and ere long the wind began to howl among the rocks and bluffs. Great drops of rain began to fall, and the sea became covered with foam, as the waves rose and lashed the shore in fury. Louder and louder grew the crash of the elements, and the wild sea grew more furious.

Kate Williams was pale and agitated, for she knew that her brother must be near the coast. She had received the information from the captain of the clipper which had run in ahead of the heavily loaded ship on board which her brother had taken passage.

The storm increased in power during the day, and towards the middle of the afternoon many people had assembled on the little beach below Kate's residence to view the terrible grandeur of the scene. Half a mile from the shore was a huge rock, over which the mid sea now leaped with giant power; and still further out, was a low ledge which commenced at a point not far from the beach and extended out two miles into the sea in a semicircular form, the outer and bending to the southward, and being nearly opposite the little beach.

It was about six o'clock when one of the men who had come up to the mansion, discovered a bulk upon the sea at some distance in the offing. He took the spy-glass, and soon made her out to be a heavy ship, with her masts gone, and lying directly in the trough of the sea.

"Lost! lost! O, God! O, God!" uttered Kate as she received the intelligence of the position of the ship. "It must be Vulcan, for no other ship would be this way! O, he is lost!"

Various were the words of consolation offered to the afflicted maiden. John Glancey was by her side, and with his arms about her fair form, he bade her hope.

The night settled down dark and drear over the mid waters, and the storm obtained not at all. The vivid lightning streaked through the heavens, and the loud thunder roared in the black vault. Ere long another sound came booming upon the air. It was the report of a heavy gun! At intervals of about a minute the gun was heard, and at length a crowd was collected upon the beach.

Nearly an hour there had been no lightning, but now the vivid flash lighted up the heavens once more, and a cry of horror went up from the anxious watchers, for the ship could be plainly seen just driving towards the outer end of the long reef.

"They are lost now! utterest old man who leaned heavily on his staff. 'If the ship strikes the reef she must go to pieces there, and no earthly power can help them!'"

Kate Williams heard these words.
"O, sir!" she cried, "I have a life-boat here! Could not some one go out in that?"
"Ah Kate Williams, in your agony you forget the stern facts of the case. No man could live in such a sea. You can find no man here who dare undertake such a task."

Kate's heart sank within her as she turned away. The rain had ceased falling now, and 'twas only the spray that dashed over the shivering forms upon the beach. In a few moments more the lightning streaked through the heavens again, and a cry of horror went up loud and long. The ship had struck.

"Poor fellows!" uttered the old man, "tis all over with them now! The ship must soon go to pieces there!"
Kate gathered her shawl about her and rushed towards the spot where the life-boat had been hauled down.

"God help him now!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony. "O, Frank! Frank! my brother! Will no one go? Mr. Glancey, can you not find some stout man to go out in this boat? O, with this boat once there he might be saved!"

"Be calm, my dear Kate," urged the lawyer, taking her by the hand. "No mortal man would dare venture out there. Death stands too near at hand."

As he ceased speaking the frame of heaven glared out again; and the ship, still hung upon the rocks with the sea beating furiously over her.

"Halla! Halla-o-o-o!" at this moment shouted a clear, ringing voice above the crash of the elements. "Where is the life-boat? Where is it?"
"Here—here—right by the little pier," answered a man.
"Then cut it loose! Away with it! shout"

ed the same voice in reply; and on the next moment Harry Winslip came rushing to the spot where the crowd had gathered about the life-boat. The light from the lanterns shone in his face, and he looked like a giant at that moment. He had thrown off his coat, and placed a close oil-cloth cap upon his head.

"In the name of mercy," he cried "why is not this boat off?"
"Would you rush on to certain death?" spoke the old man, who had followed Kate thither.

"Rush on to death!" repeated Harry quickly. "There are a score of men in your tender ship looking down in the face, and shall we see them die thus, and not put forth a hand?"

"But you cannot pull the boat against this sea, young man!"
"Then let some one come and help me! What—none? Then these arms shall do all they can. They can but fail."

With these words Harry leaped into the boat and caught the oars which were secured in the rowlocks. A projecting promontory shielded the spot where the boat lay, so that there was no difficulty in pushing off. With all his power the noble youth bent himself to the work. He had passed the stay-bolt about his waist, so that the sea could not wash him away.

In a few moments the life boat and its occupant were lost in the darkness. There was one heart upon that beach beating bravely for him; but he knew it not. He had not seen Kate. He had just arrived when he saw the ship upon the reef, and uttered the cry we heard.

The next flash gleamed a moment on the water. The boat was upon the top of a huge sea, and the noble youth was working with all his might. Down, down, the frail bark sank—a deep murmur of prayer upon the shore—and then all was dark again. A flash of lightning glowed again.

"God help him!" murmured a quivering voice. "Twas Kate's, and her hands were tightly clasped."

Again and again the lightning came, and at each time the struggling boat was very light, and the strength which now propelled it was almost superhuman. At length the frail boat was seen directly under the stern of the ship, and some thought they saw a line thrown from the high deck.

"By heavens!" uttered the old man. "He knows just where to pull, and just where its may rest."

"Ay," answered another, "he was brought up in a boat."
"So was I," resumed the old man, "but I never could have done that."

It lightened again, but no boat could be seen. Nearly an hour had now passed since the boat left the beach; and during that hour the noble doctor had labored with all his might.

Again, and again the glare of the heavens spread over the sea, and at length the life-boat was seen once more. It was coming towards the land.

"Tis full of men!"
A giant sea arose close upon the beach, and upon it was the life boat. On, on—one more roll—one heavy throe, and the huge sea broke upon the sand, and the boat was thrown high up upon the shore; and on the next moment living men began to leap from it. They turned, as they gained hard footing, and lifted from the boat an inanimate form. It was Harry Winslip, weak and faint.

"Frank! Frank! O, is my brother here?"
"Ho, my own Kate! God bless you, my sister."

And on the instant a tall stout, son-net man clasped the now fainting girl to his bosom.

The morning sun rose bright and clear and many people came down the shore of the sea to view the scene. The reef was clear now, and upon the beach lay that was left of the ship. Here and there it was cast—one shrapnel, separated mass of fragments.

But in the mansion above there is a brighter scene. Eight-and-twenty living souls are there, who were last night upon the deck of the ship. Not one was lost—not one! And the saviour, too, was tip. He was safe and unharmed—only weak and exhausted still. He had reached the ship—and received a line and secured it—and then he sank down senseless and powerless. Every nerve and every muscle had been strained to its utmost.

Frank Williams—noble, generous Frank, looking in future like his sister—had blessed him a thousand times, and all the rest had joined him.

Towards the middle of the day Harry had gone out into the library and sat down. The confusion of the party made his head ache. He had been there a few minutes when the door opened and Kate entered. She stood before him a single moment, and then she sank down upon her knees at his feet, with her hands clasped towards him.

"Forgive me! O, forgive me!" she cried.
"Forgive me, Harry, and place me in your heart once more! Forget what I said! O, forget and forgive!"
Ah, that scene was brightest of all. Half an hour afterwards, Frank found his sister, from whom he had been searching, in Harry's arms. She was happy now.

May we not suppose that John Glancey's standard of bravery sank very low after this in the estimation of those who knew all the circumstances? And everybody in the town did know them. People now knew which was the true hero; and they began to understand that a coward can be lashed into revenge—but a true man, never.

A NEGRO JURY.—Some time ago we published an item in relation to the arrest and retention of Capt. Mayo, and his associates, of brig "R. W. Parker," on a charge of carrying into the Island of Hayti and there putting into circulation a large amount of counterfeit Haytian bills. Since then the cook of the "R. W. Parker," John Francis Simpson, of Fox Island, Me., who was tried with Captain Mayo, has arrived at Boston, and gives an account of the trial of himself and comrades, for their lives, before a negro

Newmarket Advertisements.

87 and charged accordingly.